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## A BRAVE BOY.

About thirty years ago, said Judge F. I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

'Plenty of them,' said the salesman. 'How much do they cost?'

'One dollar my lad.'

'I did not know they were so much.'

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

'I have got sixty-one cents,' said he; 'could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?'

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not.

The disappointed little fellow looked up to me with a very poor attempt at a smile, left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

'And what now?' I asked.

'Try another place, sir.'

'Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?'

'Oh, yes, if you like,' said he, in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

'Will you try again?' I asked.

'Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one.'

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the man just what he wanted, and how much money he had.

'You want the book very much?' said the proprietor.

'Yes, sir, very much.'

'Why do you want it so very much?'

'To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I am at home. All the boys have got one, and they will all get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go.'

'Does he go to these now?' asked the proprietor.

'He is dead,' said the boy, softly. Then he added, after a while, 'I am going to be a sailor, too.'

'Are you, though?' asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrow curiously.

'Yes, sir, if I live.'

'Well, my lad, I will tell you what I'd do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can; or, I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents.'

'Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?'

'Yes, just like the new ones.'

'It will do just as well, then, and I shall have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at some of the other places.'

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

'A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark,' said the bookseller.

'Thank you, sir; you are very good.'

'What is your name?'

'William Haverly, sir.'

'Do you want any more books?' I now asked him.

'More than I can ever get,' he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. 'It will buy some for you,' I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes: 'Can I buy what I want with it?'

'Yes, my lad, anything.'

Then I will buy a book for mother,' said he. 'I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back.'

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm, that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they had shown no sign of weakness.

At that moment a small boat might have ridden such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

I was surprised to see those men how

before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at other passengers who crowded up to hear the reply, and said, reluctantly:

'Yes, sir; there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water—when I see none of it then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before, nor one of the crew, sir. Everything must be done to save it, and if we fail it shall not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one off you, at the pump!'

Three during the day did we despair, but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.

'I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool,' said he, 'if you will be men.'

And he did, land us safely; but the vessel sank moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said:

'Judge F. do you recognize me?'

I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

'Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati?'

'Very well, sir; William Haverly.'

'Am he,' said he, 'God bless you!'

'And God bless noble Captain Haverly.'

FROM HEAVEN TO THE CARE OF EARTH.

Saturday night, when the report reached the city that armed negroes were marching in force on Edward's depot, a number of citizens armed themselves to go to the rescue. "Meetin'" was then being held in one of the colored churches, and when a colored courier entered the church, in great haste and whispered that the white people were coming with guns, a panic spread through all the congregation.

One old darkey rose up and inquired, "Is dey got guns?'

The courier answered affirmatively.

"Is dey loaded?" he inquired further.

"What's de difference? If dey's got guns, dat's nuff for me," said an athletic negro, as he proceeded to empty himself out of the window.

The minister observing the confusion and seeing that his meeting was virtually broken up, called on one of the deacons to sing the doxology.

"Doxology, hell," replied the deacon "no time for doxology now."

As he finished the sentence his coat-tail disappeared through the window, and the meeting was bursted up for that night.—Vicksburg Herald.

The following good story on "Judge Watts, we get from the Kansas News:

WINNING WAYS.—A good story is told on Judge Samuel Watts, of Franklinton. The judge is quite a politician, and at one time knew every voter in his district. Time, however, had faded the judge's memory a little, although he will not admit it. He shakes hands with and pretends to know everybody. He was holding court in Halifax county a short time ago, and was approached by a long, lusterly specimen of a countryman, who held out his paw and said:

"How d'ye do, Judge you don't know me, do you?'

"Oh, yes," said the Judge. "How is your father?'

Countryman.—"Oh, he's been dead eleven years."

Judge.—"Sure enough; but how is your mother?'

Countryman.—"Why she has been dead eighteen years."

Judge.—"Well, how the devil are you? You ain't dead I know!'

This brought down the crowd, which soon adjourned to Hook Neville's grocery to drink to the live man's health.

If we die to-day the sun will shine as brightly and the birds will sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will bestow but a thought upon our memories. He's dead? Will be the solemn inquiry of a few days, as they pass to their work. No one will miss us except our immediate connection, and in a short time they, too, will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now in life, pass away. Our children follow closely behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a human being can say, "I remember him."

We live in another age and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. This is life. How rapidly we are passing!

If men are the salt of the earth, women are the sugar. Salt is a necessity, sugar is a luxury. Vicious men are the salt petre; hard, stern men; the rock salt; nice, family men the table salt. Old maids are the brown sugar; good-natured matrons the loaf sugar; pretty girls the fine powdered white. Pass the sugar, please.

## A MOST IMPORTANT ORDINANCE.

The Raleigh News says, the committee on Suffrage and Eligibility on Tuesday submitted an ordinance which will meet the unqualified approval, in one of its branches, of every honest man in the State, and in the other is open to not a solitary objection to those who regard the purity of the ballot. The first provides that no person who upon conviction, or confession shall hereafter be adjudged guilty of felony shall be eligible to vote at any election under the laws of this State, unless such person shall be restored to the rights of citizenship in a mode prescribed by law.

The right of suffrage is one of the highest privileges exercised by the freeman. It is his right to participate in all the affairs of government; to direct all its operations, to regulate the imposition of taxes, to arbitrate upon the lives and property of his fellow-citizens. It is a right eminently in the power of society to bestow—equally in its power to regulate or withdraw. With its high privileges and powers, it is evident that it should be committed only to the charge of the honest and the intelligent. But the American system has been exceedingly liberal and has exacted no qualification except that of residence and freedom from the stigma imposed by conviction for crime.

But the radical constitution of 1868, in its eagerness to bid for popularity or to embrace in the fold of the radical party a class more than all open to the operations of the criminal law, removed all obstructions and gave to all, the honest man and the felon alike, this sacred right.

The ballot is polluted by the presence at the polls of the convict fresh from the Penitentiary, ready to enter upon a new career of crime; of the prisoner from the county jail, his limbs still seated with the mark of his chains. Side by side, virtue and crime, well earned right, and justly forfeited privileges contend for the regulation of the affairs of State, the vote of this latter often defeating the will of the other.

The bill, of course, meets with opposition from the Radical side of the House. It strikes at a class which is most prolific in its contributions to the annals of justice.

It is contended that slavery is responsible for the criminality of the negro. It is then admitted that the negro is criminal from education, or want of it. If so, does his guilt, though due to his misfortune, give him a claim, which under the old constitution, and in the States north of us, was denied to the white man? Is the negro criminal more the object of indulgence than was the white one? But it was contended that while slavery was the mother of crime, emancipation would at once work the regeneration of the slave. The negro has now been his own master for ten years. He has had all the advantages of education possessed by the white. He has been under the strictest political tutelage. He has been led, caressed, counseled by his white friends, as never a people was before. Is he better from being his own master? Let the records of the Penitentiary, and of the county prisons answer the question.

And it is to elevate again the value of suffrage by making its possession the right of honesty and its deprivation the penalty of crime that it is supposed some check may be given to crime by drawing an ineffable distinction between vice and virtue. A law, too, applicable to the white as well as the black, and therefore impartial and open to no just complaint. It will be the fault alone of the black if, in a comparison of crime, thus preponderance shall be with his race.

A few days since a fine double team, with driver and footman on board, dashed up in front of the Ohio Penitentiary and stopped, when the footman hastened into the warden's office and said to Colonel Lunis that a lady at the gate desired to see the warden. The colonel stepped out, and after addressing a finely dressed madam, who was a convict under his charge. He replied that if she was the wife of any man in the prison of course she might see him, alighted and went into the office. Meanwhile, the man whose name she was sent for. Before he came the woman privately told the warden that she had a bill of divorce from him, and that it might be that he would not care to see her, and she would like to be informed on that point before he came in. Accordingly the warden met the husband in the guard-room, and said to him that his divorced wife was in the office and desired to see him if he was willing. He said he had no objection to seeing her. He went into the office, where she met him with a welcome hand and a caress, which were both very coolly received. During the conversation that ensued she asked him if he intended coming home when his time was out, and told him that his father had said he would establish him in business if he would behave himself. He indifferently replied that he didn't know or care much where he went to. Her interest in his behalf was not very warmly reciprocated, and she finally remarked that she would have to be going. As they parted she offered another caress, which he accepted seemingly as a matter of politeness. After he had gone back to work she told the captain of the guard to tell him that if he would be a good man until his time was out and come home she would again join him in the bonds of wedlock.

## GO TO WORK.

Below we re-produce an article that appeared in the Chronicle. It is applicable to the drones of to-day, and we trust that our readers will give it a careful perusal.

These few short words may sound to many ears very emphatic and to many other ears very impulsive; but, rightly understood and properly applied, their meaning is very good indeed.

Honest work is the great law of the universe. It is a righteous law, too; and one that cannot be evaded with impunity. The Almighty is the greatest worker in all creation. He is always at work always was, and always will be, to the end of time, and thro' eternity. The sun is a co-worker with the earth, and the sky and the sea are forever working together.

The people who expect to be happy without the right kind of work, will find themselves woefully disappointed. It is impossible to live well without working well. The sooner this grand fundamental truth of rightly organized society, is universally admitted and uniformly carried into practice, the better will it be for all mankind.

You may tell us this is a commonplace fact; that nobody disputes it. Some sharp reader may early enquire. Why don't you tell us something new?—something we have never heard before? We reply, it was long ago established that there is nothing new under the sun. The oldest truths are always the best, because they have been the longest put to the test. No man, having tasted the old wine, straightway deserts the new, because he saith the old is better.

Now we are applying the good old truth, tasted by many thousands of years of experience, to the present day and the immediate exigencies of our country. The trouble with America at this moment is, that too many persons, in all classes of our society, are trying to live without work. They can't do it, and live as they ought to, and there's no use for them to try it on.

One of our ablest contemporaries, to-wit, the Richmond Whig, good naturedly says: "To the hundreds of thousands of descendants of high, but broken down families, that are now beavelling their hard lot, we say go to work! To recruit and restore your fortunes and your rank and prestige, do what your ancestors did to establish them; go to work. In these days all honest work is respectable."

Would to heaven that this sound counsel, coming from so conservative a source, was everywhere followed!

"Go to work!" That's what's the matter. And it's as applicable to the North as to the South—to the East as well as to the West. Pass it around, gentlemen of the Press! Go to work—go to work! Why stand ye here all the day idle?'

It is these lazy speculators, these moral frauds and bunblers, these schemers and plotters, who are living by their wits on the money earned by hard-working people, who are the pests and vermin of our times.

Daniel O'Connell once said, in his dry, quaint way, that he had heard a great deal about big bugs. "Why?" exclaimed the brave old agitator, "we've got plenty of such bugs in my country. An' shall I tell ye what we call 'em Hum-bugs?'

That's it. A Daniel come to judgment! These drones of American society, these blooded bed-bugs who come to our pillows to suck away our substance, ought to be killed off as fast as possible, that their places may be filled by honest workers, who will add to the producing force of the country.

Up, idlers, and go to work!

## A CITY UNDER SEA.

In the latter end of the last century old Port Royal disappeared beneath the waves in an earthquake, leaving no other memorial behind than these few words. In calm and clear evenings, when there is not a ripple on the glassy surface of the sea, you may look down into fifteen fathoms of water and see submerged houses, towers and churches, with sharks swimming quietly in and out of the open windows of their bell-fries. The work of centuries was destroyed in a few moments by one single convulsive throeb of the thin film on which man has lived and speculated for ages past.—An American diving company, instigated by their enterprise by tales of untold wealth buried beneath the sea, by this sudden shock, rescued no treasures but the big bell suspended in the bell tower, and donated the same to the Museum of the Island, where it may be seen with many puzzling inscriptions upon it which nobody has as yet been able to decipher.

An Englishman having asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good received this reply: "Yes; they are so fine I wonder you do not import some of them into England." Let me see, there is the road to love, strewn with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honor, through the camp; to prison, through the law, and to the undertaker's, through physic. "Have you any road to preferment?" asked the Englishman. "Yes, faith, we have; but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

If the mosquito who "left" our nose in such a hurry that he forgot his bill, will call, he can have it, and in questions will be a kid.

## HOW A SNAKE CHARMED A BOY.

The Reading, Penn., Eagle, tells the following story:

For the last two weeks a son of Allen Rogers, aged eleven years, a wood sutter on the Blue Mountains about three miles from Hamburg, has been in the habit of leaving his father's house every morning about 10 o'clock, and not returning till noon. The parents of the boy have questioned him several times as to where he went, and the boy would reply to play with a neighboring boy named Springer. On Friday the father watched his son, following at a short distance, and when about half a mile from the house the boy entered a piece of thick sprout land, in from the road some two hundred yards, where he seated himself upon a large rock, and in less than ten minutes the father was horrified on seeing a monster black snake crawl upon the rock and put its head on the boy's lap. The father states that the snake was the largest he ever saw on the hills. He states that it was fifteen feet long and as thick as his arm, which is well developed. The boy had taken bread with him and was feeding the snake, which, at intervals, would stick a large tongue out as if hissing for more to eat. Then it would coil itself around the neck and body of the boy, and play with its mouth and neck with the boy's hands. The father had often heard of snakes charming children; and that if they were disturbed while they were in the act, they would kill the child. As the father turned to leave his boy with his deadly companion, he turned back, and the snake bearing a noise, at once uncoiled itself and raised its body at least four feet from the rock and looked in all directions, and then it returned to the boy's lap, and the father returned home and awaited the boy's return, which was as usual, at noon. When told that he had been playing with a snake, the boy said the first morning he met the snake he liked to play with it; then he took it food, and he was so much pleased with his companion that something told him that he must meet the snake every morning. One morning he said he was late, and when he reached the place the snake was standing up, and it came out to meet him, then followed him to the rock.

There is something very strange about a snake charming not only children, but adults have come under their charms. There is certainly some truth in the fascinating powers of snakes.

On Saturday morning the father and two of his neighbors went to the place with guns, and at the usual time the snake made its appearance, when all fired at once, killing the monster. On taking it home Mr. Rogers found the above measurement to be nearly correct.

A Ohio woman, couldn't find the peck measure, and she called to her boy: "Here Tom, take my bustle and give the peck's horse all the oats it will hold."

A Tennessee girl told a fellow she would give him a kiss, if he would catch her. She ran well till she got out of sight of the old folks, and then gave in. This shows what a Tennessee girl will do when she's hard run.

Nothing is so discouraging to a young lawyer just as he waxes eloquent about angel's tears, weeping willow, and tombstones, as to be interrupted by the cold-blooded justice with "You're off your nest but; this is a case of hog-stealing."

Paddy said he made his fence six feet wide and five feet high, so that, when it tumbled down, it would be higher than when it stood up.

The autobiography of an Irishman informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father on discovering he was only his uncle."

"Anything pite you dere?" inquired one fisherman of another, while, suggested in angling. "No, nothing at all." "Vell," returned the other, "nothing pite me too."

"What do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable your honor," he replied with much emphasis.

We are, all of us, different creatures with different people; our very physique changes according to our surroundings. We expand mentally, morally, physically, in one atmosphere, and we close and shrink and fade in another. Nervous, sensitive people show this distinctly; but even the most phlegmatic do not escape the effects of repulsion or attraction.

Children are children, as kittens are kittens. A sober sensible old cat, that sits purring before the fire, does not trouble herself because her kittens are hurrying and dashing here and there in a fever of excitement to catch their own tails. She sits still and purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of their education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of their affection, all watch and worry.

"The hardest trial of my life," said good old Deacon Banks, "was to shed tears at the news that my wife's mole had died and left her sixty thousand dollars."



## THE CONVENTION.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT

NORTHERN CRIMINAL

And, on this point, we boast the superior civilization of the South: "Women are honored, and will always be safe, except the violence of the new radical poets, they may always be assured of safety."

THE CURRENT QUESTION.  
This all question to be asked is: are the

tion until the far distant mouth of Naves

The ordinance which passed the Convention on Wednesday, depriving the Ministers of jurisdiction under the present act and leaving the matter of arranging jurisdiction in the hands of the Legislature is a very considerable measure of relief to the East. It gives the Legislature power to discriminate and apply remedies as needed. So says the News.

other ladies in the neighborhood, and was settled beyond dispute that the woman had recently become a mother. The gentleman and his visitors determined to ascertain if its whereabouts could be discovered. The house was thoroughly sacked without any trace of the infant being found, when the party, provided with torches, proceeded to explore the premises outside. They examined the yard with care and then extended their search to the back of the lot, where, as they were minutely inspecting each nook and corner as well as the surface of the ground generally, for some trace of the missing one, their ears were suddenly saluted with another sound, resembling the mew of a newly-born kitten. They followed the direction of the sound and a moment after were rewarded with the sight of an infantile hand just perceptible above the surface of the ground. It is needless to inform our readers that the hand was touched to the body of the missing babe, which was quickly taken from its present grave, carried to the house, washed and cleansed of the dirt with which, by its little mouth and nostrils were filled, wrapped in clothing provided for its new life and vigor infused into the body which had been so opportunely rescued from the jaws of death to which its inhuman mother had consigned it.

MARKETS.

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 These lands front on both sides of the main  
 road leading to Roxbury, commencing about  
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 John Miller, John Miller and others. We live  
 what we say.  
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 N. W. JORDAN,  
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